

Don't bluff. In every game the deuce spot finally meets an ace.

# Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

You're never so right as when you admit you're wrong.

## Try Another Key

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

*Mountains aren't as big as men. Human will overtake and overpowers every thing on earth. Nature hasn't yet stacked anything too high for ingenuity to knock down.*

*The hardest thing we know is a man's head—he can cut diamonds and ram tunnels with it.*

*In that inexhaustible warehouse, your brain, there's a rule, an implement, a philosophy or a batch of explosives, somewhere among its millions of cells, to deal efficiently with any emergency.*

*History has compiled a partial inventory of its resources—all past talent and genius is a catalogue of your potential abilities—everybody may do what anybody has done.*

*But the experience and experiments of others, did not locate the tools you require to handle problems they didn't meet.*

*Research tells how previous undertakings were tackled, but you must search yourself to learn new ways.*

*There are more undisclosed stunts in your mind than of record. Progress can't dig them out of hiding fast enough to exhaust the reserve stock.*

*School boys answer riddles that the Sphinx couldn't invent, but their grandchildren will, in turn, rattle off facts that now elude Edisons and Remsens.*

*Granted that our voices outreach thunder and that we toast muffins with educated lightning bolts—we are still reading the first few phrases of knowledge.*

*But, at least, we have the formula that solves every secret—thought + work—doubt.*

*With the Simplon, the wireless phone, Holland's synthetic shark, radium and aviation, already to our credit, we surely can't be expected to waste patience on people who bungle ordinary chores.*

*If you aren't making a decent living in these flying times, you haven't made a decent effort.*

*What's possible, is half-done—it's just the half-done things that are impossible.*

*Wits sharpen upon disappointment. If you haven't a few bruises, you haven't been fighting.*

*Temporary failure is a phase of experiment. The incandescent lamp didn't glow at the first trial, nor go at the thousandth.*

*Even a desert will yield to a fertilizer of persistence and intelligence.*

*All fixed obstacles must eventually succumb to thought.*

*The obstacle remains the same and in the same place, but man and his mind are mobile—he can keep altering and improving his tactics and mount steadily upon the shoulders of previous effort, until he stands where he can strike to win.*

*There's more than enough opportunity—but most folks expect an open door. Or they turn the knob and turn away, because the first notion they have at hand won't turn the latch.*

*A "yale" mind can't overcome difficulties; it only accommodates one key.*

## "The Low Brow on Olympus"

WHAT DIDO DID

ON the sands of Armenia (or somewhere quite near, We scholars don't hope to make everything clear, Tradition must therefore supply the vague note) A lady named Dido decided to vote, And forming a feminist party, selected The throne for her job, and was duly elected. (The reason's unknown and has long been a mystery— The page that contains it is torn out of history), But, having achieved her ambition, they say, She was far from content—women have been that way— And, purchasing passage upon a swell liner, Set sail from her queendom in far Asia Minor. (I can't guarantee that this statement is true, But since no one can prove that I'm wrong, it will do.) In time she arrived at a spot on the sands Where the principal hotel of Tunis now stands: —If not there, 'twas midway 'twixt Tangier and Cairo— "I'll prove that a lady king isn't a tyro," She remarked to her court and proceeded to plan A city to shame all the efforts of man.

But it chanced that the beach front she chose for a site Was already possessed by a chieftain of might. "This skirt for a neighbor—nix—no—I don't think," He remarked to a follower—passing the wink. And, being a person of some little wit, He framed a neat joke on Dido—and she bit. "Your highness, accept as a gift, from my hand, For the site of your city as much of this land. As a bull's hide will cover—don't thank me, I pray— I'm just in a generous humor today."

She heard a maid snicker, she heard a groom jeer, And plainly beheld more than one covert leer: An indiscreet page gave a hoot and cried "Stung!" (He was afterward beautifully quartered and hung.) "What a break!" cried her rivals. "She's failed in her mission."

Tonight we'll get busy and breed opposition. The moment is here to upset Dido's rule. Womanlike, given rope, she has played the blamed fool."

But faster than plotter could knit at his net The queen's mind has acted: the problem is met. The throng presses forward and hangs on her lips. "It's a cinch!" she exclaims. "Cut the hide into strips." And by sunrise her face is a playground of smiles, For, pieced-out, the bull's hide has covered ten miles.

Moral:

Dear ladies, who hunger for power and plan For the day when you, too, hope to rule over man, Remember the secret of Queen Dido's pull And learn as she did how to handle the bull.

## "These Are Mine Own People."

OUT yonder, Death in khaki sits wearily at an adding machine tapping his tally—

At home, the women and the elders stand fearfully before the daily lists and learn the worst at once. But for our expatriate neighbors there is no posting of the fatal numbers.

Every battle wounds them afresh with its uncertainties—their dead die a hundred times.

While their eyes pace the vague news lines, imagination turns the huddled heaps and races from stretcher to hospital, searching for familiar faces.

Daily they gamble in hope and doubt and fearfully await the long delayed mails.

Months pass until they learn that brother or father was a coin in the price of this victory or that defeat. Whether right or wrong, the cause is the Motherland's, the devastated villages their birthplaces.

American citizens, still they cannot alienate memory.

They brought themselves, but they could not take the past of their hearts along.

We may reason, and fairly, that their first duty is now to the land to which they have sworn allegiance. But reason cannot still the urge of instinct.

The choice was theirs; we did not bid them come. They are oathbound sons of the Republic, blood brothers to every native born, pledged to loyalty. And they will serve when called.

But their own are out there across the miles—bone of their bone is splendidly dying and piteously starving.

They suffer. Let us suffer their outbursts understandingly. We hold opinions—they hold griefs.

**V**ERSES  
by  
Herbert Kaufman

**Vim  
Vigor  
Victory**

**C**HEER up, boy, it's just your first, Nor by any means the worst. You'll have half a dozen kickings— Grin and learn to stand your lickings. How they'll maul you, by and by. When you really climb and vie For the big things! Life is hard. Envy thwarts and spites retard, Greed betrays and hatreds block All who clamber yonder rock.

## Thieves Don't Believe in Visiting Cards.

**C**HEATS and swindlers keep out of the public eye. They can't operate after they are recognized. Their success depends upon the ability to stay out of sight. Substitutors and adulterators, quality skimpers, sweaters and other members of the business underworld do not believe in advertising.

Only an honest man and an honest product dare to bear a name in the open. When a manufacturer adds a trademark to his goods, he bets the consumer that they are right. When he stamps that mark in printers' ink and impresses it on the country, he bets that they are better than unadvertised brands.

Advertising is a step further than money's worth—it's money's worth plus guarantee. It's the detective force of retailing—it arrests dishonesty.

Widely known men and articles can't misbehave. Everybody talks about them. Advertised goods must maintain their character. They can't escape criticism.

Crooked merchants and makers avoid publicity for the same reason that a thief doesn't leave a visiting card.

*"When money is the latchkey, insincerity is host."*

All men have natural weaknesses, just as all metals are cheapened by their slag. Only the crucible can refine strength. The most vital of all educations is that which subtracts folly from force and tells us what we must not do.

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